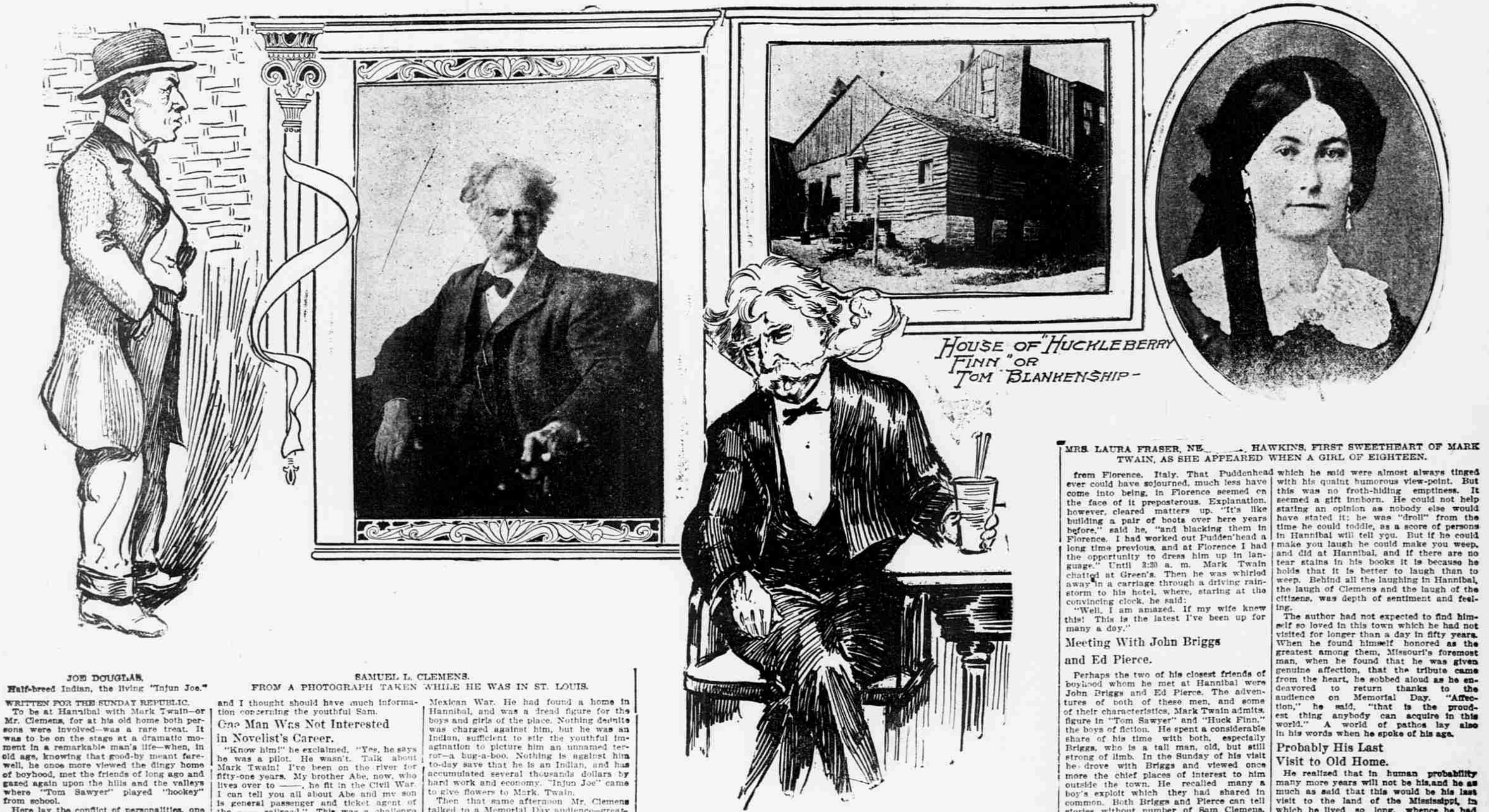


MARK TWAIN'S RETURN TO HANNIBAL AND THE HAUNTS OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN

This Famous Missourian, Who Has Set Sixty-Seven Years Adrift Behind Him, Regards the Visit as His Last



JOHN DOUGLAS, Half-breed Indian, the living "Tajun Joe."

Written for the SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
To be at Hannibal with Mark Twain—Mr. Clemens, at his old home both persons were involved in a rare treat. It was to be on the stage at a dramatic moment in a remarkable man's life—when, in old age, knowing that good-by meant farewell, he once more viewed the dingy home of boyhood, met the friends of long ago and gazed again upon the hills and the valleys where "Tom Sawyer" played "hooker" from school.

Here lay the conflict of personalities, one of the chief impressions I carried away from Hannibal. Where Mr. Clemens went, stalked the creations of Mark Twain. Where Mr. Clemens went, indeed, I seemed to see "Tom Sawyer" himself, trailing in the author's footsteps, shadowing him like an expectant child. When Mr. Clemens unexpectedly made one of his irresistible remarks, you shrank with laughter, and you were sure that it was Tom who was with him. No doubt of it at all. Here was Tom grown old, polished up, of course, a man among men, now abhorring practical jokes as the "cheapest form of wit," but still a joker, still Tom.

Then the illusion would be shattered completely. Mr. Clemens's emotion-choked utterances did not harmonize with the conception of Tom. Nor do we know that Tom's mother and his father, and his brothers and his friends in the grave yard. No, it is Mr. Clemens who sobs, who is unable to find words when he wishes to express his deep love for old Hannibal, and the true friends in it. It is he who visits the grave yard. Mr. Clemens, an old man, come home after long absence, who may or may not have written books, though it happens that he has written them under shelter of another name, dubious shelter, for people are continually endeavoring to be "booky" with him.

Rivalry in regard to Originals of His Characters.

Phases of this double-identity were amusing. Of course, a half-century ago, when young Sam Clemens went out into the wide world, it was not realized that a bonanza was being made. But behind "Tom Sawyer," "Huck Finn" and "The Prince and the Pauper," there was a real Tom Sawyer, a real Huck Finn, a real Prince and the Pauper. That morning he went for a walk down to his old home. A quaint little two-story frame it stands, very small, very humble, very dingy. It faces upon Hill street, a thoroughfare which has ceased to be in a favored residence locality. He gazed upon it in silence. Some hours after he commented upon it, and there was something of pathos as well as humor in what he said.

"It seems to have grown smaller," he remarked. "A boy's home is a mighty big place to him. Why, I believe that if I should come back here ten years hence it would be no bigger than a bird-house." Mr. Clemens it was who stood before the little cottage. By and by Mr. Clemens went away, and I went into the one-time home of the author. No place else is a person so easily waited for from a fountain of solid earth to a realm of fiction as in that house. There is a little narrow stairway leading to the upper story. Looking up this, one is possessed with the idea that Aunt Polly is about some place. She is just about to appear, you think, "Tom, you Tom!" The words ring in your ears. You look back into the back yard, expecting to see that fascinating little torment—"Tom Sawyer." No, Tom is not in sight. He is probably down at the cave, planning some excursion with Huck Finn and Joe Harper. But, who is that? The fence. The white-washed fence beyond the shadow of a doubt. It is there and white-washed, and you are compelled to ask if that is the same coat of white-wash which Tom so diplomatically painted by proxy. You are astonished at a negative reply.

Then the arrangement of the sheds. One hip-roof joins to a second-story window of the house. It is all so plain. Upon that Tom crawled from his room at midnight in answer to the summons of Huck Finn. From that he dropped to the top of a lower shed, thence to the ground. Back yet a little way, still standing, but sadly in ruins, is the old home of Huckleberry. Now you hear Huck's summons: "Me-ow, me-ow," the sound of a brickbat striking boards—"Scat you devil!"

"Injun Joe" Called With Flowers for Mr. Clemens.

Scene after scene in the book comes back. Yes, Huck has a dead cat, and to bury a dead cat in a graveyard at midnight is a sure cure for warts. Solemnly, somewhat in awe, Huck and Tom are heading for the graveyard, taking turns carrying the cat. Then the unexpected in the cemetery! The body-snatchers and the murder. It arises in the mind, incident after incident, the whole train connected with this existing home of Sam Clemens's of "Tom Sawyer."

In the afternoon, when in this stunted figure carrying a bouquet, which we see approaching Hotel Windsor and asking for "Mr. Clemens." Whose the bronzed, weathered face, in which are set deep two jet-black, piercing eyes? Nobody in the world but "Tajun Joe," Joe Douglas, old Indian in Hannibal, and he a half-breed. Some-where he had picked up the name of Joe, and was called "Injun Joe" long before that name was incorporated in a book by Mark Twain. He was captured when a youth, during the

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHILE HE WAS IN ST. LOUIS.

One Man Was Not Interested in Novelist's Career.

"Know him?" he exclaimed. "Yes, he says he was a pilot. He wasn't. Talk about Mark Twain! I've been on the river for fifty-one years. My brother Abe, now, who lives over to the west, he fit in the Civil War. I can tell you all about Abe and my son is general passenger and ticket agent of the railroad." This was a challenge to Mr. Clemens.

"What?" he exclaimed. "I never was a pilot? I'll venture to say the man who said that is mistaken. If I were going to stay here long enough to have time to make him recant."

Unexpectedly, Mr. Clemens stepped from an afternoon train at Hannibal. He avoided committees because the committees could not get ready in time. He was already at his hotel, had had his supper and was in his room when the committee arrived. He was too tired to see the gentlemen. He lay in his bedroom, gazing southward through his window, where "Lover's Leap," "Cordier Hill" of the books reared skyward, doubtless with many a reflection, and smoking, for he always smoked. "I smoke just as much as I can," said he. Of course, I cannot smoke when I am asleep, but I think that that is the only reason I wake up in the morning.

Next morning, by glancing at the papers, he found that it was Decoration Day. He had forgotten it. He was pleased, saying that he felt it a good time to be in Hannibal. It also was the day of the High-school football game, a happy day.

He had refused an invitation to be present at the commencement exercises. Now he was rested. Now he felt that it was time to meet his old friends. Now he gave himself to Hannibal. If there was anything which could please or amuse these people of his home town in his long-studied forte of entertaining, they were welcome to it. He threw himself upon the mercies of committees.

Homestead Seemed Smaller Than It Used to Be.

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Mexican War. He had found a home in Hannibal, and was a dread figure for the boys and girls of the place. Nothing definite was charged against him, but he was an Indian, sufficient to stir the youthful imagination to picture him an unnamed terror—a bug-a-boo. Nothing is against him to-day save that he is an Indian, and has accumulated several thousand dollars by hard work and economy. "Tajun Joe" came to give flowers to Mark Twain.

Then that same afternoon Mr. Clemens talked to a Memorial Day audience—greatly augmented by his presence—in the Presbyterian Church. At night he gave diplomas at the High School commencement. The programme at this commencement was like that of all commencements, very long, and somewhat tiring. The young ladies recited, and the young men orated, and several persons sang. Two hours of it, then Mr. Clemens arose. No listener but was straining every sense to catch his words. He spoke of his school-days in Hannibal, and every gray-head in the audience was aching to hear him. He spoke of his school-days in Hannibal, and every gray-head in the audience was aching to hear him. He spoke of his school-days in Hannibal, and every gray-head in the audience was aching to hear him.

Advised Young Graduates To Take a "Good Diploma."

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He met his early sweetheart, Mrs. Fraser, at dinner at the home of a Mrs. Garth, and again at a reception given by the Lathrop Club—Hannibal's best social organization. Later he called upon her. The talk veered back to the old times, when she was the girl dear to him, who was painted to the life as "Becky Thatcher." She was then a dainty bit of femininity, a rumping child, on the threshold of beautiful womanhood. Now she is a matron, past her prime, in college he was for several successive seasons champion hammer thrower and could do more effective work with a gavel at that time than most men do with a sledge hammer. Studied law and at outbreak of Civil War enlisted in the navy as Acting Assistant Paymaster. In which capacity he distinguished himself gallantly in action, and was promoted to the rank of Admiral of the Long Green Squadron.

Admitted to the Maine bar in 1865, where he derived his wonderful command of the dry facts of the law, the bar of Maine being then, as now, one of the driest in the country. Was noted for his sobriety even in the larger cities, and was looked upon as a certain member of the community because of the intoxicating quality of his wit. This later started him on his political career with him in Maine taking place in campaign times of beer and other liquid factors of success in other communities. The expression "Have a smile with you" was often used by candidates for office to hastening voters, originated in the first Reed campaign and referred wholly to the candidate's habit of cracking jokes with constituents instead of solemnizing them.

After several years of service in his State, in order to keep Maine from becoming a one-party State, it was decided to elect Reed to Washington as an M. C. In 1877, where he served his country continuously and with wit until 1889. His expert work in political carpentry stood him in good stead in the larger field, and he was elected Speaker of the Fifty-first Congress, which office he retained through several later congresses, using the hammer to beat down the advantage and hitting all nails unerringly upon the head. He did with Congress what he had done with the State of Maine, reducing it to tabular form and carrying about with him in his vest pocket. Was brevetted Chief of the State of Maine, a title which he enjoyed for many years. Under his regime Democrats were served only in bottles, which were uncorked only at the Speaker's will, and very seldom at that.

Author of "Reed's Rules for Making the Heather Rage." In 1888 retired from politics and joined the literary circles of New York, the emoluments of the professional humorist proving more alluring than the poor but honest income of a Speaker's life. Naturally a competitor of Chauncey M. Depew, author of "The Modern Joe Miller," and of Mark Twain, author of "All Sorts of Funny Things," and of others in the field of jocosity. Mr. Reed has not been so peripatetic as a humorist as he was as a Congressman, but he has reached an assured position in his new vocation and has become one of the lights of his adopted city. He is still a speaker of renown, but an after-dinner one instead of a political, and his works, for many years published exclusively in the Congressional Record, are now to be found in all the journals of the land. Mr. Reed's face has not developed since infancy, and as a result he looks like a 62-year-old baby, which makes it impossible for any one to regard him in any light but that of extreme friendliness, although there are times when his sallies are anything but cherubic. Has a great career behind him. Recreation, after-dinner speaking. Address, Tom Reed, Anywhere, P. S.—Mentioned for the presidency, but in whispers only.

Woodruff, Timothy O.

Empire statesman, promoter, orator, Lieutenant Governor and Brooklyn Borough President. Born Yale College August 4, 1858. Remained at Yale for twenty years, graduating in 1878, taking the usual degree of B. A. In his curricular studies of Brooklyn, and a year later taking the honorary degree of N. G. C. Nestor of Gowanus Creek, for his notable career in Political Science as "How

Henry Irving: "Walked all the way to London—over the ties of the Northwestern Railway."

In fulfillment of my promise to present the names of statesmen, I have this week ventured a few biographies of some favorite sons of America whose fame is, or has been, or may yet be, dazzling.

Reed, Thomas Brackett.
Ex-Congressman, ex-Speaker, ex-Chief, ex-

After the reception he sipped a mint julep and regaled his friends with conversation.

"Now, don't take two, but be sure and get a good one."

He met his early sweetheart, Mrs. Fraser, at dinner at the home of a Mrs. Garth, and again at a reception given by the Lathrop Club—Hannibal's best social organization. Later he called upon her. The talk veered back to the old times, when she was the girl dear to him, who was painted to the life as "Becky Thatcher." She was then a dainty bit of femininity, a rumping child, on the threshold of beautiful womanhood. Now she is a matron, past her prime, in college he was for several successive seasons champion hammer thrower and could do more effective work with a gavel at that time than most men do with a sledge hammer. Studied law and at outbreak of Civil War enlisted in the navy as Acting Assistant Paymaster. In which capacity he distinguished himself gallantly in action, and was promoted to the rank of Admiral of the Long Green Squadron.

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which he said were almost always tinged with his quaint humorous view-point. But this was no froth-hiding emptiness. It seemed a gift inborn. He could not help stating an opinion as nobody else would have stated it; he was "droll" from the time he could toddle, as a score of persons in Hannibal will tell you. But if he could make you laugh he could make you weep, and old and old at Hannibal, and if there are no tear stains in his books it is because he holds that it is better to laugh than to weep. Behind all the laughing in Hannibal, the laugh of Clemens and the laugh of the citizens, was depth of sentiment and feeling.

The author had not expected to find himself so loved in this town which he had not visited for longer than a day in fifty years. When he found himself honored as the greatest among them, Missouri's foremost man, when he found that he was given genuine affection, that the tribute came from the heart, he sobbed aloud as he endeavored to return thanks to the audience on Memorial Day. "Affection," he said, "that is the proudest thing anybody can acquire in this world." A world of pathos lay also in his words when he spoke of his age.

Probably His Last Visit to Old Home.

He realized that in human probability many more years will not be his, and he as much as said that this would be his last visit to the land of the Mississippi, in which he lived so long, whence he had drawn the sinews of his fame. He voiced again and again a deep love for Hannibal and the citizens of Hannibal, and the smiling face was often saddened by memories of the man whom he had hoped to see, yet of whom he found trace only at the cemetery, and some not even there.

Once he spoke of death, his view of death. He had received the High School class, to which he had handed "good" diplomas, in the hotel parlor. Talking with them, he told of the time in boyhood when he had had an ambition to get the measles, and after some trouble had gotten them. He spoke of being on the point of death. It terrified him.

"I did not know," said he, "what an easy thing it is to die. I have since learned that it is like falling asleep. The hands and the feet grow cold, but you do not know it. Then you are in a kind of dream or trance, and you do not understand that you are dead at all until you begin to investigate the matter."

HASTINGS MacADAM.

office in his gift, and for two terms was elected alderman of the City of the State of New York, in which office he has displayed much sang-froid, not to mention his witty magnificence, which, together with his amiable nature and his sense of humor, has made him an undoubted power in his party. Was a prominent candidate for the vice presidency in 1890, but was defeated by Theodore Roosevelt for Keopline in the Public By-Until the Main Chance Arrives. Under a different system would be known in the American Bureau as "Timmy Lord Governor—Earl of Greenwood, Marquis of Prospect Park, Duke of Albany and Earl Apparent to the Throne of Kings, vice Platt." Recreates, cross-country hunting from crumbs and so-called gazettes of the kind; but she often entertains her friends in her charming flat in Ashley Gardens, and all who have been there vote her a charming hostess.

It is at present the chief concern of a great party and is said to be engaged in the preparation of an article, to be published in "The Every Day Nightly Review," on "Seventy Recipes for Keopline in the Public By-Until the Main Chance Arrives." Under a different system would be known in the American Bureau as "Timmy Lord Governor—Earl of Greenwood, Marquis of Prospect Park, Duke of Albany and Earl Apparent to the Throne of Kings, vice Platt." Recreates, cross-country hunting from crumbs and so-called gazettes of the kind; but she often entertains her friends in her charming flat in Ashley Gardens, and all who have been there vote her a charming hostess.

The Duchess of Bedford shares all her husband's enthusiasm for animals, about which she probably knows more than any lady in society. She has a large library entirely devoted to works on natural history, a gallery of pictures of birds and animals of all kinds, and she delights in teaching her horses and dogs and cats to perform tricks. Mrs. Langtry possesses the largest and most valuable collection of fans in the world. The walls of her specially designed fanroom are covered with the names of famous artists, and she has a great success at local shows. Beekeeping is another favorite pursuit of hers.

Miss Ellen Terry spends a great deal of leisure in collecting choice perfumes and gorgeous materials. Mrs. Bernard Beere has a vast collection of dancing dolls, mechanical toys and money-boxes. She makes a point of buying all the clever little inventions which are hawked about the streets of London. Miss Melba collects old furniture. Adeline Paton loves the water, and spends much of her time on a lake near her castle, while Mary Anderson is a most enthusiastic chess player.

her four-footed pets very seriously. She herself takes them out daily for good, long walks, and bathes and combs their silky coats, finding her reward in their enthusiastic devotion.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has a great love for jewelry of every kind and wears some beautiful rings and necklaces. One of her rings contains a hair of her late husband, and she opens and shuts and contains a portrait of Mrs. Campbell's late husband. She is also the proud possessor of four very beautiful dogs, which she has named after her late husband. Mrs. Campbell is devoted to her and follow her almost everywhere. Mrs. Patrick Campbell has no great love for society, and keeps away from crushes and so-called parties of the kind; but she often entertains her friends in her charming flat in Ashley Gardens, and all who have been there vote her a charming hostess.

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Mrs. Julia Nelson is one of the most beautiful of our enthusiasts. However busy she may be, this charming actress can always find time to attend the Ladies' Kennel Association shows, and she has often been herself a successful exhibitor. Miss Nelson, who is, of course, known to her many friends as Mrs. Fred Terry, takes

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FADS OF FAMOUS WOMEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Sarah Bernhardt is the most eccentric actress of our time. Everything is forgiven to genius, and thus the extraordinary stories continually being told about the great French actress only serve to make her more and more interesting.

At one time she is making a pet of a lion, a tiger, or a snake; at another time we hear that she usually sleeps in the coffin in which she intends to be buried. A year or two ago it was declared that madame's latest craze was to rise at 4 o'clock in the morning, and, attired like a man, to stroll about the streets of Paris for two or three hours and no one seems to know why she is called Sarah.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has added another to her many hobbies, namely, collecting seaweed, of which she owns many remarkable specimens.

Mrs. Arthur Cadogan, the sister-in-law of the Viceroy of Ireland, is one of the very few lovers of animals who have ever made a pet of a python. There have always been individuals, especially members of the fair sex, who have exercised a curious fascination over snakes, perhaps one secret of their power being their absolute fearlessness. Mrs. Cadogan's python is nine feet long, and, though showing a great dislike to strangers, is devoted to its own mistress. Many well-known people make a point of having peculiar pets, but it may be said, with very little fear of contradiction, that in this matter Mrs. Arthur Cadogan holds a record.

Miss Julia Nelson is one of the most beautiful of our enthusiasts. However busy she may be, this charming actress can always find time to attend the Ladies' Kennel Association shows, and she has often been herself a successful exhibitor. Miss Nelson, who is, of course, known to her many friends as Mrs. Fred Terry, takes

from Florence, Italy. That Puddenhead ever could have sojourned, much less have come into being, in Florence seemed on the face of it preposterous. Explanation, however, cleared matters up. "It's like building a pair of boots over here years before," said he, "and blacking them in Florence. I had worked out Puddenhead a long time previous, and at Florence I had the opportunity to dress him up in language." Until 2:30 a. m. Mark Twain chatted at Green's. Then he was whisked away in a carriage through a driving rain-storm to his hotel, where, starting at the convincing clock, he said:

"Well, I am amazed. If my wife knew this, the latest I've been up for many a day."